

THE LIFE OF LUST DEMON

Chapter 51: Babe.....?



Charlotte was lost in a tumultuous sea of emotions. Guilt and self-blame swirled within her, entwined with other sentiments she couldn't quite define. Hannah's words echoed in her mind, prompting introspection. She had encountered numerous exceptional men, each exhibiting remarkable qualities and gentlemanly demeanor.

Yet, none had left an indelible mark on her heart like that enigmatic figure from that fateful night.

Perhaps it was because he had saved her when she was on the brink of despair, pulling her back from the jaws of death. His heroic act had etched itself into her memory, refusing to be forgotten. But he had sacrificed himself in the process, leaving her with a lingering sense of longing and regret. She wondered, could anyone emerge unscathed from such an experience?

Could their heart remain calm and unruffled after witnessing such selfless bravery? The answer was unequivocal: no.

"In short, if you believe he's truly gone, then carry on and live for him. Will you really not attend the Martial Art Assembly?" Hannah asked gently, concern evident in her voice. Continue your journey on empire

Charlotte simply shook her head, a quiet but resolute answer.

Hannah sighed. "Alright then... I'll take my leave," she said softly, respecting her Friend's decision as she turned to go.

As Hannah's footsteps faded, Charlotte was left alone in the serene garden. She looked down at the portrait she had sketched, her gaze lingering on each detail. Her eyes grew distant, lost in memories, as if seeking the presence of the one she had captured on paper.

After school ended, Anos settled comfortably into the passenger seat of Sofia's sleek car as they drove through the quiet streets toward her home. Evening sunlight filtered through the trees, casting a warm glow over them.

"Wow, Babe, your car smells amazing," Anos said with a mischievous grin, inhaling the subtle, floral scent filling the air. He cast a playful, affectionate glance at Sofia, who gripped the steering wheel just a bit tighter, her eyes focused intently on the road ahead.

Suddenly, a soft chime echoed in his mind: Ding ... Felt Sofia's shyness. Scumbag points + 20,000. Mission progress: 60%.

Anos blinked in surprise, caught off guard by the notification. That worked too? he thought, amused. It's like unintentionally planting a willow and growing a shade!

Sofia's gaze flicked sharply toward him, her cheeks tinted a rosy pink that matched the glow of the setting sun. "What did you just call me?" she asked, her tone a mix of surprise and embarrassment.

"Babe," Anos replied with feigned innocence. "Didn't you say I'm supposed to act as your boyfriend? Or would you rather I call you Teacher Sofia when the time comes?"

Sofia's blush deepened, and she let out a soft huff, struggling to hide a small, flustered smile. "Just... just watch it, Anos," she muttered, keeping her eyes on the road but unable to hide the growing warmth in her expression.

As they continued the drive, a comfortable silence settled between them, both lost in their own thoughts—yet both acutely aware of the other's presence.

At this moment, Anos took out his phone and dialed Luna's number. After a few rings, she answered, and he quickly reassured her. "Hey, I won't be home for dinner tonight. Don't worry—everything's fine. There's absolutely no danger."

A brief pause hung in the air before Luna's voice came through, tension easing as she took a deep breath. "Okay, just be careful," she replied, her concern evident. They exchanged a few more words before he hung up, feeling relieved that he had put her mind at ease.

Sofia glanced over at him with a curious smile, her expression lightening the mood. "Are you afraid of your sister?" she asked teasingly.

Anos shrugged, a playful smile on his lips. "It's not fear—it's love. I just don't want her worrying about me."

Sofia arched an eyebrow, her curiosity piqued. "Uh-huh. That doesn't sound like it to me."

Afraid of Luna? Not at all. What Anos feared was the thought of causing her any anxiety. He understood how much she cared for him, and he wouldn't want her to bear any unnecessary burdens.

"Well, I'm a gentleman?" Anos added with a chuckle, trying to keep the mood light. "A guy's gotta be gentle with the girls in his life."

Sofia nodded thoughtfully, then shifted the conversation. "So... are you still living with your sister?"

"Yeah, ever since I was a kid. It's always been the two of us.....," he replied, his tone softening as he reflected on their bond.

"And... what about your parents?" Sofia asked, her voice gentle as she broached a sensitive topic.

At the mention of his parents, Anos fell silent. Memories flooded his mind, heavy with loss. His parents on Earth had been taken from him by the Voldigoad family, leaving a gaping void in his life. This body's memories held no trace of his biological parents, adding to the weight of his thoughts.

It was both ironic and heartbreaking how he had been pulled into worlds where family seemed to vanish like shadows.

"Parents..." he murmured, a faint, bittersweet smile crossing his lips. "Let's just say they're long gone. It's complicated."

Sofia picked up on his somber tone and chose not to press further. The atmosphere in the car shifted, filled with a thoughtful silence as they drove on, each lost in their own reflections. Outside, the world blurred by, but inside the car, their shared understanding deepened the connection between them.

Sofia found it quite strange. A child who had grown up in an orphanage could be so remarkably optimistic. It was a rarity, one that made her reassess her views on Anos. Maybe he was just putting on a brave face, pretending to be optimistic to ease his sister's worries.

As they continued driving, the car soon entered a quiet residential area, lined with trees and modest homes. Sofia gestured toward one of the houses. "This is the place."

She parked the car and hopped out, opening the trunk to retrieve several bags filled with fresh ingredients they had picked up on the way. The aroma of herbs and spices wafted into the air, promising a delightful meal.

"Babe, you live in a residential area?" Anos asked, a hint of surprise coloring his voice. "I thought you would be in a big villa."

Sofia smiled, amusement dancing in her eyes. "Why would I live in a villa all by myself? This kind of house is quite cozy and welcoming. Besides, you're in luck tonight—I'll let you taste my cooking."

Every time she heard Anos call her "Babe," a shiver ran down her spine, a mixture of annoyance and unexpected thrill.

...

As they walked in, the entire apartment was enveloped in a faint, inviting fragrance that hinted at a blend of floral notes and something sweet. Anos could sense a more seductive scent lingering in the air, one that seemed to be an intoxicating mix of Sofia's natural aroma and the lingering traces of her body.

It reminded him of Luna's home, where a similar scent lingered, though it was nothing compared to the enticing allure of Sofia. His body responded instinctively, a warmth pooling in his core, and he felt a stirring in his pants that he couldn't ignore.

"You can sit anywhere you like," Sofia said, her voice smooth as she set down a bag of fresh vegetables on the countertop. Her movements were graceful, and there was an effortless elegance about her that captivated Anos. "My cousin will probably arrive in about two hours. I'm going to wash these and start preparing dinner. If you want some water, feel free to help yourself."

"Uh, that... can I walk around?" Anos asked, glancing curiously at the inviting space, his heart quickening slightly at the prospect of being alone with her.

Sofia turned her head to meet his gaze, a playful glint in her eyes. "You can, but you're not allowed to enter my room. It's the one on your left." The warning hung in the air, charged with a teasing energy that sent a shiver down Anos's spine.

With a playful nod, Anos set off to explore Sofia's home.

As he wandered, he took in the cheerful decor-framed photos of joyful moments lined the walls, and colorful cushions adorned the sofa. The kitchen was bright and airy, filled with all the utensils and gadgets one might need to whip up a delicious meal. Anos's gaze flickered back to Sofia, who had begun to wash the vegetables, the delicate arch of her back accentuating her figure as she moved.

With each passing moment, the seductive smell of Sofia's body wafted through the air, filling Anos's senses with a primal longing. It was a heady mix of her skin, lightly scented with the soap she used, and an alluring warmth that made his heart race. The tension in the room thickened, the air crackling with unspoken desires, as the scent enveloped him, overpowering and intoxicating.

Unlike the comforting fragrance of Luna's home, which was sweet and familiar, Sofia's aroma was intoxicatingly erotic, igniting a deep, visceral reaction in Anos.

He paused, feeling his body responding to the alluring atmosphere. Anos couldn't deny the way his cock twitched in his pants, an undeniable erection forming as he absorbed the heady essence of Sofia. He tried to shake the sensation off, reminding himself that this was just an act, but the pull was too strong.

The house boasted three bedrooms and a cozy living room, yet it was only Sofia who made this space her own. One of the other bedrooms was

meticulously furnished with a bed, its pristine condition hinting that it had once been occupied, though it now stood empty, echoing the memories of a past inhabitant.

The smaller room had been transformed into a study by Sofia, equipped with a sleek computer and dotted with vibrant small plants that breathed life into the space, creating an inviting oasis for creativity and study.

With no pressing tasks to occupy his mind after erasing all dirty thoughts then, Anos meandered into the study, his curiosity piqued. He began to flip through the books lining the shelves, each tome filled with intriguing knowledge about the continent.

The texts detailed the habits of various demon beasts, along with invaluable insights into martial arts, their strengths, weaknesses, and strategies for overcoming challenges. He found himself captivated, the wealth of information providing a fascinating glimpse into a world both mysterious and exhilarating.

"En?" he murmured, his interest deepening as he turned to a page that unveiled the extraordinary creatures of Horizon Down. Dragons, fairies, phoenixes—each entry sparkled with the promise of adventure. These beings belonged to what were known as "Super Bloodline" races, a designation that implied a lineage of exceptional power and prestige.

What exactly constituted a super bloodline? It referred to bloodlines of such extraordinary strength that they stood at the pinnacle of existence. The stronger the bloodline, the greater the power of the creature it produced. Anos learned that these demon beasts were remarkable for their neutrality; they rarely posed a threat to humans or other demon beasts.

In fact, they often formed bonds of friendship with humans, their majestic presence a testament to the harmonious coexistence that could exist between

different beings. When they chose to enter human territory, the door was typically flung wide open for them.

Anos's mind wandered to tales of a legendary warrior residing in the capital, known as a Dragon Knight. This formidable figure was said to be partnered with an immensely powerful Fire Element Dragon, a bond that symbolized the apex of strength and mastery. Such individuals were the true paragons of martial prowess, embodying the very essence of expertise and the zenith of existence itself.

Chapter 52: Game PT-1....



After that, Anos turned the page of the ancient tome and revealed a vibrant illustration of a qilin. The depicted creature was a magnificent beast, strikingly different from the one he had glimpsed that fateful night. Its colors were an enchanting array—brilliant greens, deep blues, and fiery reds—radiating an aura of majesty that left Anos questioning its classification.

It seemed too whimsical, too adorable to be called a qilin.

With a curious spark igniting within him, Anos strolled into the kitchen, where Sofia was busy preparing dinner. Her graceful movements and intense focus reminded him of Luna, his childhood companion. He couldn't help but think that if he were to marry someone like her, his life would undoubtedly brim with happiness.

"Babe, I have a question for you," Anos called out, his voice cheerful.

Every time she heard him use the nickname "Babe," it stirred a mix of annoyance and amusement within her.

"What is it?" she replied, turning around. Anos eagerly handed her the picture of the qilin.

"Is this illustration of a qilin authentic?" he asked, his curiosity evident in his bright eyes.

Having scoured the internet for reliable information about qilins, Anos had come up empty-handed.

Sofia examined the illustration closely before nodding. "It's approximately eighty to ninety percent accurate. A long time ago, a powerful figure caught a glimpse of a qilin, and this image was created based on his description. So, it's not too far off the mark."

"Are there no images of qilins in their youth?" Anos inquired, his brow furrowing in contemplation.

Sofia shook her head, her expression thoughtful. "Not that I know of. They are rather elusive creatures."

"Is there such a thing as a Snow Qilin?" he pressed, recalling a mention he had come across.

"Snow Qilin?" she pondered, her brow furrowing as she thought. "Yes! It refers to one that's entirely white, like freshly fallen snow. However, I've never encountered any records regarding such a creature. Why do you ask?"

Anos smiled, mischief glinting in his eyes. "Oh, just a passing thought. Please, continue with your work, my dear Babe."

Sofia took a deep breath, choosing to brush off his teasing.

"By the way," he added nonchalantly, "I have a penchant for braised pork and chicken wings. If you could whip up some pork ribs and corn soup, that would be splendid."

Sofia shot him a disbelieving look.

She prided herself on maintaining a good temperament, rarely letting her emotions dictate her actions. However, since meeting Anos, her emotions had been more volatile than usual. This latest comment made her want to scream: "You're just a guest! Why are you dictating the menu?"

It was no wonder that Sasha, the daughter of a respectable family, had been exasperated by him, and that Mia had even lost her composure.

"Please, could you take your leave?" she said, striving for politeness.

"I can't leave," Anos countered, shaking his head with mock seriousness.

"You've already captured my heart."

Sofia rolled her eyes, a blend of irritation and amusement coloring her expression. "Just hurry up and get out. Don't distract me."

"Then you can prepare my favorite dishes. I'll be right here," he replied with a teasing grin.

"Alright, I'll do it," she relented, a hint of softness creeping into her tone.

"Hehe, love you, mua," Anos teased, pretending to blow her a kiss, which earned him an exasperated look.

Half an hour later, the mouthwatering aroma of food wafted through the air, creating an inviting atmosphere. The first dish—Anos's beloved braised pork—was ready and looked absolutely delectable.

"What do you think you're doing?" Sofia exclaimed, turning to find Anos attempting to sneak a bite. She quickly covered the dish with a plate, her eyes narrowing playfully.

"Don't steal a taste!" she scolded, struggling to suppress a smile.

"I simply can't wait to savor your cooking," he replied, his eyes twinkling with anticipation.

"If I catch you sneaking a bite again, don't expect to have any!" she playfully threatened before returning to her culinary endeavors.

After about two hours, all ten dishes were finally ready. Just as they were about to sit down to eat, the doorbell rang, interrupting their feast. Sofia hurried to the door, glancing back at Anos with a meaningful look.

"Remember, don't let anything slip later."

Anos responded with an exaggerated OK gesture, a cheeky grin on his face, as Sofia opened the door.

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"Brother Owen!" she exclaimed, her face lighting up at the sight of the man standing before her.

Owen, strikingly handsome and effortlessly charming, smiled back at her.

"Sofia, it's been too long! You look even more radiant than before."

"Brother Owen, you flatter me! Please, come in!" she replied, stepping aside to welcome him.

After changing into slippers, Owen's gaze landed on Anos, who was casually seated on the sofa. His expression shifted slightly, reflecting his surprise.

Owen was indeed an impressive figure, tall and athletic with sharp features. If he were still in school, he would undoubtedly be the most sought-after young man there, and he knew it.

"Oh, by the way, Brother Owen, let me introduce you," Sofia said, her voice brimming with pride. "This is Anos. I mentioned him before—he's my boyfriend."

Anos stood, a confident smile gracing his face, and approached Owen, extending his hand for a shake. "Hello! I've heard much about you from Babe. It's a pleasure to finally meet you."

Owen nodded slightly, settling onto the sofa as he scrutinized Anos.

This was Sofia's boyfriend? He couldn't fathom it. Initially, he had dismissed the notion that Sofia had a boyfriend because it seemed so sudden and out of character for her. He was well aware of her standards; many outstanding men had expressed interest in her, yet she hadn't shown any inclination toward them. Anos didn't seem to match those men in terms of demeanor or appearance.

How could Sofia possibly be interested in him?

"Brother Owen," Sofia continued, her tone warm, "please take a moment to chat with Anos. I still need to finish the soup. We can eat once it's ready."

With that, she shot Anos a discreet look before retreating back to the kitchen.

Owen smiled at Anos, though the warmth was lacking. "I didn't expect Sofia to find a boyfriend after not seeing her for a while. May I ask where Young Master Anos is currently employed?"

Anos maintained an easygoing demeanor, unfazed by the underlying tension.

"Brother Owen, there's no need for formalities. You're Sofia's cousin, so I'll refer to you as big brother. You can just call me Anos."

"Alright," Owen replied, raising an eyebrow, intrigued yet skeptical.

Anos continued, "As for my occupation, well, it's a bit complicated. In this era, strength holds more value than anything else. Everything else feels rather trivial."

"Hahaha, that's true. Strength is indeed respected. What realm have you achieved?" Owen asked, curiosity piqued.

Despite his skepticism regarding Anos's relationship with Sofia, he wanted to know more about him, perhaps to assess the competition.

Using his Mystic Perception, Anos gauged Owen's abilities. This young man was impressive, standing at the Spirit Core Realm Stage-Three. No wonder he felt confident enough to pursue Sofia. Anos replied, "My realm isn't that high; I haven't even reached the Spirit Core Realm yet.

To be honest, I could have achieved it a while ago, but I've been too busy enjoying food and spending time with Sofia these past few days, so I haven't ventured into the Beast domain."

Anos wanted to assist Sofia, so he had to keep things modest; otherwise, he would overshadow Owen.

"Not bad at all," Owen acknowledged, his tone steady, though a flicker of doubt crossed his features.

Just then, Sofia called out from the kitchen, "Wash your hands! Dinner is served!"

"Coming!" Anos replied, hurrying to the sink.

"Make sure to wash your hands properly," she reminded him, lightly patting him on the shoulder—a gesture that appeared casual but resonated with a sense of intimacy. Owen observed this interaction, his frown deepening.

Once they finished washing their hands, Owen took a seat at the table.

"Why are there so many dishes? You could have simply prepared a few simpler ones," he remarked, eyeing the lavish spread.

Sofia smiled warmly. "Brother Owen, it's not every day you come over. How can I just serve basic dishes? These are all Anos's favorites, and I thought you might enjoy them too."

"Yes, yes! Let's eat! Brother Owen, would you like some beer?" Anos offered, bringing over a bottle of beer that Sofia had bought specifically for him.

Although she didn't drink, she wanted to showcase her affection for Anos to Owen.

"Sure, I'd love some."

Anos uncapped the bottle with a satisfying pop, and the sound seemed to punctuate the eager anticipation in the air. He poured a generous glass for Owen, the golden liquid swirling and bubbling as it filled the glass, releasing a refreshing hoppy aroma that mingled with the fragrant dishes on the table.

"And what about you, Babe?" he asked.

At this, Sofia sensed trouble brewing. Meanwhile, Owen smirked, clearly enjoying the unfolding situation.

Chapter 53: Game PT-2



Sofia felt her stomach tighten at his casual use of the endearment, knowing it was all part of the act yet feeling strangely unsettled by it. She shot him a glare, though there was a slight blush tinting her cheeks. "I don't drink beer, remember?" she replied, rolling her eyes in irritation.

Anos shrugged, appearing unbothered. "Come on, with Brother Owen here, it's a special occasion! Why shouldn't we celebrate?"

Owen chuckled, catching onto the playful back-and-forth, his gaze lingering on Sofia as he leaned back, clearly intrigued by the pair's dynamics. "It's all good! We don't need to be so formal at home."

"Exactly!" Anos chimed in, raising his glass. "Let's toast to friendship!"

The three clinked glasses, and the soft hum of laughter and conversation gradually filled the room as they began to eat. As the evening wore on, Owen's curiosity finally broke through the pleasantries, his voice calm yet probing.

"So, Anos, how did you and Sofia end up together? I remember her being quite guarded around guys."

Anos had anticipated this question. Leaning forward, he spun a lighthearted story, recounting the "chance encounter" where he supposedly saved Sofia from a pack of wild beasts, embellishing every detail with dramatic flair.

Sofia couldn't help but smirk, shaking her head as he spoke. "He was relentless," she added, recalling the times he'd waited outside her school, hoping she'd join him for lunch. "Eventually, I figured it was time to give him a chance." She glanced at him, an affectionate glint softening her eyes as she tried to sell the story.

"His realm might not be as high as mine, but he has a good heart and ambition."

Anos grinned, eyes twinkling with mischief as he leaned back, crossing his arms. "So, is it my ambition or my charming personality that won you over?"

Sofia laughed, her expression softening despite herself. "Maybe it's that you always know how to make me laugh."

Anos raised an eyebrow and turned to Owen, looking as smug as ever. "See? Girls love a sense of humor."

Owen laughed along, but there was an unmistakable glint of skepticism in his eyes, a silent acknowledgment that he wasn't buying their act quite yet. The dinner conversation continued, though the tension beneath the surface only seemed to grow, as if each of them were waiting for something unspoken to be revealed.

After dinner, Sofia began to clear the dishes, and Anos casually invited Owen to join him on the plush sofa. The living room, just as cozy as the dining area, was illuminated by a warm table lamp, casting a calm glow over the room as the night deepened. The relaxed atmosphere lulled them into an easy silence, until Owen announced he was heading to the washroom.

As soon as he was out of sight, Sofia's carefully maintained calm unraveled, and she spun around to face Anos, her irritation barely contained. "You idiot!" she hissed, voice low but loaded with frustration.

Anos raised his hands in mock innocence. "What did I do wrong? I didn't even have a script! Improv, that's talent!"

Sofia's eyes narrowed. "Now he's suspicious! The whole point was to pretend we're dating so he'd back off, but now he'll definitely dig deeper!"

Anos' expression shifted, a mischievous sparkle lighting his eyes. "I have an idea."

Sofia's irritation melted into a wary curiosity. "What is it?"

"Just give me a kiss," he said, his tone as casual as if he were asking for another drink. A sly grin spread across his face.

Sofia's jaw dropped. "You're insane! I'm not just giving you a kiss for the fun of it."

Anos leaned closer, his voice smooth. "Think about it. The reason he's suspicious is because even though we're supposedly together, we haven't done anything couple-like. It's not convincing."

Sofia paused, her mind racing. "So... you're suggesting..."

"Yes," he said with confidence, his gaze holding hers. "When he comes out, just lean in for a quick kiss. Just a small one, like a peck. He'll catch us in the moment and be convinced."

Sofia glanced at the hallway, a mixture of dread and anticipation flooding her as she realized he might be right. She took a deep breath. "Fine," she murmured, feeling her heart race as she tried to gather her courage.

The bathroom door faced the living room sofa directly, ensuring Owen would have a clear view of them. Sofia shifted nervously, her hands beginning to sweat as the plan became all too real. She glanced at Anos, who looked entirely unperturbed, his eyes shining with confidence.

Click—

The doorknob turned. Panic surged through her, and before she knew it, she was in his lap, her hands wrapping behind his neck as she leaned in, her eyes shut tight. Just before their lips were set to meet in a modest peck, Anos shifted slightly. Their lips met, and she felt his hand settle on her waist—then, unexpectedly, on her lower back, pulling her in as he gave her a light but firm squeeze.

The kiss jolted her, and a shockwave of realization washed over her. Her mind blanked, heart thundering as the intimacy of the moment overwhelmed her. She clung to him, caught in a rush of emotions she hadn't anticipated. The logical part of her knew it was an act, but her heart was convinced of the realness of the moment.

Owen stepped into the living room, his footsteps faltering as he saw them entangled, their kiss lingering just a moment too long to be innocent. He froze, disbelief coloring his features as his mind raced to reconcile what he was seeing. Read new adventures at empire

Just then, a familiar ding rang out in Anos' mind, breaking the spell as he pulled away, clearing his throat. "Successfully kissed Sofia. Scumbag points + 700,000. Mission Compilation: 70%," the system's voice echoed in his mind, and he had to fight back a smirk.

Owen's face darkened, jealousy and frustration flashing through his eyes as he quickly averted his gaze. "Cough, cough. It's getting late," he muttered, his voice barely hiding his irritation. "You both should rest early. I'll... I'll take my leave."

"Take care, Brother Owen!" Sofia called out, her voice trembling slightly as she attempted to regain her composure. Her cheeks burned, a mix of embarrassment and a lingering heat from the unexpected kiss.

As soon as the door closed behind him, Sofia rounded on Anos, fury blazing in her eyes. "Anos!"

"What are you glaring at me for?" he asked innocently, though the mischief hadn't left his eyes.

"You idiot! That was my first kiss!" she burst out, cheeks reddening further as she recalled how easily she had fallen into the moment.

Anos raised his eyebrows, looking slightly taken aback. "Wait a minute! That was my first kiss too! And I don't see myself complaining about you stealing it from me!"

The room fell silent, both of them caught in the weight of the evening's events.

Chapter 54: Game PT -3



Hearing Anos's words, Sofia froze on the spot. His first kiss? Really? Was a man's first kiss that important? Was it somehow more important than a girl's? Besides, Anos was always so charming and flirtatious—how could it possibly be his first kiss?

Well, technically, it was indeed his first kiss in this body.

"How are you going to explain this?" Sofia demanded, looking at Anos angrily.

Anos replied, "Explain? We agreed to kiss once the doorknob turned, but you didn't follow through. I got curious and wondered if you'd changed your mind, so I turned around to check. And right then, you went ahead and kissed me! Tell me—doesn't this mean you kissed me? How is that my fault?"

Sofia blinked, taken aback. Thinking it over, she realized he wasn't entirely wrong. They had agreed to kiss once the door handle turned, but she'd hesitated. Anos turning around to check on her hesitation made sense. Now he was making it sound like she was at fault for kissing him.

"Don't you think I'm right?" Anos pressed on, looking aggrieved. "What do we do now? You took my first kiss away from me! You have to take responsibility!"

Sofia clenched her fists, resisting the urge to smack him. Damn it! Why couldn't she find a way to argue back? She'd just lost her first kiss like that! Sob, sob...

Anos sniffled theatrically and said in a soft voice, "Miss Sofia, why don't... why don't you take responsibility for me? I'd...reluctantly agree."

Sofia took a deep breath, exhaling in frustration. She stared daggers at Anos and said, "If a third person finds out about this, you'll die a horrible death."

"There's already a third person who knows," Anos replied with a shrug.

"Huh?"

"Owen!"

"Then it's the fourth!" she retorted.

Anos shrugged, looking as though he were the wronged party. "That's enough. Here I was, going out of my way to help you, and I still lost my first kiss. Now, hand over the spiritual tool so I can go home," he demanded, stretching out his hand.

Damn it! Why did it feel like he was the one being wronged here? Sofia practically fumed with frustration.

Sighing heavily, Sofia stood up in a huff, stormed into her room, and returned with a sword. She threw it to Anos, who caught it gracefully and swung it a few times, admiring its balance and feel. He then activated his Mystic preception to inspect the weapon.

[Celestial Serpent Blade]: Grade: 8 Star Yellow Rank. Forged from the rare Yellow Dragon Iron, the Celestial Serpent Blade is exceptionally light, capable of slicing through iron like soft clay. A rare spiritual weapon, it enhances the wielder's strength by +40.

Sofia folded her arms and explained, "This Yellow-ranked Eight Star Celestial Serpent Blade can boost your combat ability by about 20%."

"Thanks." Anos smiled and, with a thought, made the Celestial Serpent Blade disappear from his hand, transferring it into the spiritual tool space of his God' Blessing System. That was one of the many benefits of his system. With just a thought, any spiritual weapon could materialize instantly in his hand.

"Alright, I'll head home. It's getting late, Sofia. Sleep well," Anos said, flashing her a mischievous grin.

"Wait!"

Though Sofia was furious and felt she'd suffered a huge loss tonight, she forced herself to think rationally about the bigger picture.

"Is there something else?" Anos asked.

After a brief hesitation, Sofia muttered, "Can you... stay at my house tonight?"
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Anos blinked in surprise. "Wait... I only kissed you once. Are you offering your body to me as well?" he asked, feigning shock.

"What nonsense!" Sofia snapped, regaining her usual cold and composed demeanor. Anos marveled at how she seemed to switch personalities so effortlessly.

"Then... why do you want me to stay?"

"My cousin Owen is highly suspicious. Even if he saw what happened just now, he might still try to spy on you. If you go home now and he finds out, all our previous efforts would be in vain."

"Damn! Who does that?" Anos exclaimed.

Sofia nodded solemnly. If Owen found out that Anos had left in the middle of the night, their whole plan would be ruined. She would've lost her first kiss for nothing!

"But..." Anos hesitated, feeling a bit concerned. "If I don't go home tonight, my sister, Luna, will worry."

Sofia replied, "I'll call your sister and explain. What do you think?"

"Alright, but tell her I'm tutoring at your house tonight," Anos said.

Sofia's eyes twitched. "...Tutoring? At a beautiful teacher's house? In the middle of the night? Are you serious?"

"I know what I'm doing." He handed her the phone. "Here. Call her."

When Sofia saw the contact name "Little Fairy," she raised an eyebrow.

"What? Can't my sister be a little fairy in my eyes?" Anos asked, a touch of pride in his voice.

"Fine." Sofia rolled her eyes. "Put it on speaker."

The phone only rang twice before a gentle voice answered, "Little Anos?"

Anos's sister, Luna, was usually cold and distant, but her voice softened around him.

"Um... is this Big Sister Anos?" Sofia asked hesitantly. Luna was momentarily silent before responding, "Yes. May I know who's calling?"

"I'm Sofia, Anos's teacher from Sky Martial Court. He'll be running a full-set combat simulation at the academy tonight. It's quite important, so he won't be coming home. He asked me to inform you."

After a moment's pause, Luna asked softly, "Can I hear Little Anos's voice?"

Anos's heart warmed at her concern. She was really worried about him!

"Little Fairy, I'm here," he called out.

Luna let out a relieved sigh. "Thank you, Miss Sofia, for letting me know," she replied with warmth before hanging up.

As Sofia handed the phone back to him, she commented, "She loves you very much."

"Of course! How could she not love such a handsome, charming, considerate, and utterly perfect little brother?" Anos replied, grinning.

Sofia smirked slightly as she sat on the sofa. "Did you... do something to make her worry about you in the past?"

Anos's expression faltered slightly, and Sofia's suspicion deepened.

"Don't overthink it," she said. "I know a fair bit about psychology and behavior, and you're lucky to have someone who cares so deeply."

Anos moved to sit beside her, flashing her a sly smile. "Would you like such a caring sister too?"

Sofia narrowed her eyes. "What are you getting at?"

"Simple—be my girlfriend, and my sister will be yours too. She'd share her love with you."

Sofia froze for a moment before looking at him coldly. "We'll discuss it after you win the Sky Martial Art Assembly Tournament. But... I wouldn't mind meeting your sister if the chance arises."

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Chapter 55: Game PT-4



Luna was known for her charm, a trait so potent she could captivate others with her words alone. It wasn't just beauty—it was a presence that lingered, making her unforgettable. Anos could only smile to himself; he'd seen her power in action more than once.

"Ah, so you think knowing my sister gives you a free pass to talk trash about me?" Anos teased, rubbing his nose as he watched Sofia with a playful glint in his eye.

Sofia raised an eyebrow, her lips curving in a mischievous smile. "I wonder... does your sister know about you flirting around Academy? Imagine her face if she found out you even flirted with a teacher," she teased, eyeing him with feigned disapproval.

Anos chuckled, unfazed. "Go ahead, tell her. She's been hounding me to get a girlfriend and settle down. This year alone, she's already set me up on three blind dates. Telling her would probably make her thrilled."

At that, Sofia burst into laughter. She was 25, yet she had never been on a blind date. Anos, at just 21, was somehow already a veteran of them. She found herself grudgingly admiring his sister's persistence.

Anos shrugged. "Now you get why I'm always flirting around here. I'm doing my best to find a girlfriend as quickly as possible."

"Oh really?" Sofia asked with a teasing smile. "And how's that search going?"

He leaned in, lowering his voice with a wink. "I think I've found someone. In fact, she's sitting right beside me—and she even invited me to stay the night at her place. Things are moving fast, but hey, what can I say? She's irresistible."

Sofia rolled her eyes but bit back a smile, hiding her blush. "You're impossible," she muttered, slightly flustered.

"Ding... Successfully teased Sofia. Scumbag Value +20000."

Gritting her teeth, she pointed to the door beside them, recovering her composure. "This is your room tonight. Rest up."

Anos sighed dramatically, putting on a pout. "Can't I sleep in your room, Miss Sofia? I'm scared of sleeping alone."

She shot him a murderous glare. "Absolutely not."

"Hey, I'm serious," Anos protested, folding his arms and feigning innocence.

"At home, my sister always hugs me to sleep."

Sofia groaned. "Are you for real?"

"Do you doubt me?" he replied with a smirk. "What am I supposed to do here then? You got me to stay the night, but are you really going to leave me alone? I won't be able to sleep without someone to cuddle."

Sofia was at a loss for words. The audacity of this man was beyond her comprehension, and her temper flared. "If you don't behave, I'll kick you out! Or better yet, go home if you're that difficult."

Anos smirked. "If I leave, what happens if Owen really does show up? If he's spying, we're both exposed. You don't want that, do you?"

Sofia hesitated. "Fine. But only because of the mission," she said, barely concealing her annoyance. "Just go to sleep."

Anos grinned. "So... will you hug me to sleep, then?"

"Fine," Sofia sighed, feeling a strange mix of exasperation and resignation. She hesitated before adding silently to herself, If it weren't for the Diviner's prophecy that this boy could somehow heal me, I wouldn't even dream of getting close to a guy like him...

Anos was momentarily stunned when he heard Sofia agree. I was only joking... who would have thought she'd actually say yes? A wicked grin spread across his face, excitement coursing through him. It felt like fate had just dropped this sultry goddess right into his lap.

Looks like the heavens truly favor me tonight, he thought, a mischievous glint in his eye. He chuckled to himself, savoring the thrill. Damn, I'm about to find out what it's like to have her soft body pressed against me. This is going to be one hell of a night.

"Which room are we going to sleep in?" Anos asked, a playful smirk still plastered on his face.

Just as Sofia was about to respond, the doorbell rang, interrupting the moment. Both of them paused, and a shared thought flashed through their minds: Is that Owen coming back again?

Sofia's expression shifted to one of annoyance. "What the hell does he want now?" she muttered under her breath, clearly irritated at the interruption.

Anos leaned closer, his curiosity piqued. "Should we ignore it? I mean, we were just about to have some fun..."

Sofia bit her lip, torn between wanting to kick Owen out and the tension that lingered in the air between her and Anos.

"Let's see what he wants first," she finally said, trying to mask her frustration.

"Just wait in the guest room," Sofia instructed Anos. "After I'm done talking to him, I'll let you know."

Anos, excitement practically radiating from him, nodded eagerly. "Okay! I'll wait in the room. Hurry up, I can't wait!"

As he stepped into the guest room, Sofia couldn't help but roll her eyes. This bastard... she thought, a mix of annoyance and amusement bubbling inside her.

Sofia approached the door and opened it, only to find that it wasn't Owen who stood on the other side, but a delivery man holding a large box. She blinked in surprise, momentarily forgetting her irritation.

Then it hit her—Oh right, I ordered that package!

"Uh, is this for Sofia?" the delivery man asked, glancing down at the clipboard in his hand.

"Yes, that's me," she replied, taking the package from him, a smile creeping onto her face as she realized what was inside. Finally!

As she closed the door and turned back, her mind began to race.

But wait... she thought, glancing toward the guest room where Anos was waiting. I can't let that bastard see this box. If he catches a glimpse, he'll

definitely ask about it. He has this annoying habit of needing to know everything!

Just as Sofia was about to head to her room, Anos stepped out of the guest room, a curious look on his face.

"Why are you out of the room? I told you to wait!" Sofia snapped, trying to keep her irritation in check.

Anos shrugged. "I was waiting, but you were taking too long, so I came to check on you."

Sofia rolled her eyes. "You bastard! I only took five minutes! What's with the impatience?"

Anos laughed cheekily. "I can't help it! The thought of sleeping beside you is driving me crazy."

Sofia shot him a glare. "Hey! I'm only sleeping next to you for the hug. Don't think it's anything more, you bastard!"

"Okay, okay," Anos replied, holding his hands up in mock surrender.

"By the way, is that a delivery? So, Owen isn't the one at the door?" he asked, his tone shifting to curiosity.

"Yeah," Sofia confirmed, trying to steer the conversation away from the box.

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"What's in the box?" he pressed, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

Sofia's heart raced. Damn it! "It's nothing important," she replied quickly, trying to brush him off as she shifted the package behind her back.

Anos raised an eyebrow, clearly not buying her answer. "Nothing important? C'mon, you know I can't resist a mystery. Just tell me what it is!"

She bit her lip, weighing her options. She could either keep him in the dark or come up with a convincing lie.

"Seriously, it's just some supplies I ordered for the house. You know, boring stuff," she said, forcing a casual tone.

Anos crossed his arms, skepticism etched on his face. "Supplies? You sure that's all? I could help you unpack it, you know."

"No," Sofia replied firmly, taking a step back. "Just go to the second room—the one where we'll sleep. If you keep insisting on checking what's inside the box, then forget about sleeping there with me."

Anos chuckled, a teasing glint in his eyes. "Okay, okay, don't get angry. I'm going," he said, raising his hands in mock surrender. But then he added with a smirk, "How can I miss the chance to sleep beside you for this ugly box? I'm definitely not letting that opportunity slip away!"

Sofia rolled her eyes, trying to suppress a smile. "Just go!" she urged, her frustration mixed with amusement at his relentless charm.

"Alright, alright," Anos said, finally turning toward the guest room.

As he stepped into the room, Anos made his way to the bathroom to take a shower. As the warm water cascaded over him, his mind began to wander. At first, I thought she was just using her body to play up her allure, to gauge the reactions of her students. But what's really in that box?

He smiled, thinking about his unique abilities. She has no idea that my Mystic Perception lets me see through objects at close range. I could easily uncover her little secrets if I wanted to. But for now, I'll play along. This night is going to be interesting...

With those thoughts swirling in his head, he finished his shower, eager to see what Sofia would reveal next.

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Chapter 56: Sofia's Three Condition R-18 PT-1....



After Anos left, Sofia entered her room and flicked on the light, illuminating the space in a warm glow. As her eyes adjusted, it became clear that this was no ordinary bedroom. The atmosphere was charged, almost intoxicating, as if she had crafted her own private sanctuary of sensuality.

Her wardrobe stood ajar, revealing a glimpse of its contents. Inside, an array of adult toys sprawled across the shelves, each one a testament to her adventurous spirit and unrestrained desires. Vibrators in various shapes and sizes glimmered under the soft light, while silk restraints and tantalizing accessories hinted at the more daring experiences she had embraced.

The decor of the room leaned heavily into an erotic aesthetic, with plush pillows scattered across the bed in rich, deep colors, and sheer curtains that danced with the slightest breeze. It felt like stepping into a red-light district, the ambiance thick with an allure that was both inviting and provocative.

Sofia reveled in the fact that anyone peeking into her room would immediately recognize its purpose—a space designed for exploration and indulgence, where fantasies could come to life. It was her haven, a place where she could freely embrace her sexuality without judgment.

As she wandered around, her fingers brushed against the toys, each one sparking memories of past escapades. The faint hum of nostalgia filled the room, every item a relic of nights filled with mischief and laughter. Yet tonight, her gaze was different—cold, determined.

"Tonight, this body will be cured," Sofia said to the toys, her voice barely a whisper but charged with dark intent. "And when it is... I will destroy all of you."

Her words seemed to echo through the quiet room, lingering as if the toys themselves could feel the weight of her threat.

Then, with careful precision, Sofia placed a small box on the table. She reached for a knife, its blade catching the dim light, and sliced open the box. Inside was a single bottle, its label faded but unmistakable, bearing the imprint S-Milk Shop. She held it up, studying it for a moment, a glint of satisfaction flickering in her eyes.

S-Milk was a leading brand, renowned worldwide, with outlets in every major city. Known for its bold products, the company had made waves with an unusual niche: they specialized in producing and marketing high-demand items, including premium-grade male semen, female fluids, and even specially curated "squirt" blends.

Holding the bottle, Sofia traced the label with her thumb. This wasn't just a product; it was a promise of power, control, and maybe even liberation—exactly what she needed to reclaim mastery over her own body. She took a steadying breath, feeling the weight of this choice, the anticipation thrumming through her veins.

Carefully, she placed the bottle on the table and stepped back, preparing herself. She could feel a shift, as if the room itself sensed the transformation that was about to unfold. This was her moment.

With a determined nod, she began to change. Slipping into a loose, light pink hoodie, she reveled in the softness of the fabric against her skin. The way it draped over her curves only accentuated her figure—her waist narrowing

enticingly before flaring out to her hips. Beneath the hoodie, her skin glowed, a tantalizing hint of what lay beneath.

She paired the bottom with skin-colored pantyhose that clung to her legs like a second skin. The material highlighted the smooth contours of her thighs, elongating her legs and making them appear almost endless. The absence of a bra and underwear felt liberating, allowing her natural curves to be accentuated, giving her an air of sultry confidence that was both daring and enticing.

Sofia glanced in the mirror, adjusting her hair as it cascaded down her shoulders in soft waves. The reflection stared back at her a vision of casual allure, her full lips slightly parted as if she were inviting someone in. With every movement, she felt her body come alive, each curve and contour seemingly designed to captivate.

As Sofia walked out of her room, the light fabric of the hoodie shifted with her every step, offering tantalizing glimpses of her silhouette. She felt a surge of empowerment, embracing both her femininity and the thrill of anticipation. Tonight, she was ready to share something with Anos that went beyond words, a part of herself she had long kept guarded.

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Meanwhile, in the dimly lit room, Anos sat waiting, glancing at the clock. An hour had passed, yet he felt each minute keenly, his mind wandering with thoughts of Sofia. Despite his usual composure, a restless energy filled him, a longing to simply be near her, to lie beside her and let their unspoken connection speak for itself.

Anos muttered under his breath, "When is this seductive teacher going to show up? Damn it, I can't wait any longer." His impatience was palpable, the anticipation gnawing at him with every passing second.

Just then, a soft knock sounded at the door, and his heart leapt, beating faster with each echo. He took a steadying breath, feeling a rush of adrenaline as he rose to his feet. The moment he'd been waiting for was finally here.

When Anos opened the door, he was greeted by the sight of Sofia, standing there with a captivating, mysterious smile on her face. Her gaze held him, full of intrigue, and he felt himself slipping into a trance as her sultry, natural scent filled the air between them. The scent was intense, a heady perfume that made his pulse race and stirred something primal within him.

He shifted slightly, feeling his body's reaction as his own anticipation grew. Clad only in a simple gray t-shirt and boxers, he was caught off guard by the overwhelming effect she had on him. Her presence filled the doorway, and for a moment, he could barely think, entranced by her allure.

"Why are you just standing there? Move," Sofia said, her voice laced with playful urgency.

"Okay, okay," Anos replied, shaking off his momentary daze.

With a seductive swing of her hips, Sofia walked over to the bed and sat down, her gaze locked onto him. As she settled in, Anos couldn't help but notice the way his excitement was clearly outlined in his boxer shorts. She feigned ignorance, a sly smile on her lips as she said, "What the hell are you waiting for, Anos? Come and Sleep it. Too much time has already passed."

"Okay, I'm coming," he said, excitement coursing through him. In that moment, he knew it was time to set his plan in motion.

He approached the bed, his heart racing as he took in her inviting posture. "You're tempting me, you know that?" he teased, a playful smirk on his lips.

Sofia leaned back on her elbows, her long hair cascading around her shoulders like a dark waterfall. "Maybe I am," she replied, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "What are you going to do about it?"

With a mischievous glint in his eye, Anos felt a rush of boldness. I want to ravage you, he thought to himself, feeling the heat of desire rising within him. But just as quickly, his demeanor shifted. He dropped to his knees, an innocent look washing over his face, his eyes wide with feigned desperation.

"Teacher Sofia! Help me!" he exclaimed, dramatically mimicking crocodile tears as they welled up in his eyes. "I don't know what's happening to me! My... my thing is swollen, and it's hurting! Please help me!"

Sofia's expression changed from playful to shocked as she processed his words. "What?" she asked, confusion crossing her face. She reached out, concern flooding her features. "What do you mean it's hurting?"

Anos looked up at her, his voice dripping with faux innocence. "I don't know, but it hurts so much! I thought it was just excitement, but now it's unbearable!"

Sofia narrowed her eyes, crossing her arms as she tried to suppress a smile. "I know you're pretending, Anos. You little bastard! You can't just act like you don't know what's happened to you."

"But, Teacher Sofia," he said, maintaining his innocent facade. "I heard that teachers always help their students! And I'm your favorite student, right? Please, Teacher Sofia, help me! We've already crossed the line beyond mere teacher and student when we kissed."

Sofia sighed, unable to resist his charm despite her irritation. "You really think you can just manipulate me like that?" she asked, shaking her head but unable to hide her smirk. "You're lucky I'm not immune to your antics."

"Isn't that part of being a good teacher?" he pressed, still kneeling, his voice softening. "Helping your favorite student in need?"

"Fine," she relented, her eyes sparkling with amusement. "But only because I can't let you suffer like this, even if you are being dramatic."

He knows how to play the game, Sofia thought, a mix of admiration and exasperation bubbling inside her. She couldn't deny that there was something intriguing about his boldness.

Meanwhile, Anos couldn't help but feel a surge of triumph. I knew it! She agreed! He let out a mad laugh in his mind, reveling in the success of his playful manipulation. This is going exactly as I planned!

"Thank you, Teacher Sofia!" he exclaimed, a triumphant grin spreading across his face.

"Don't get too cocky," she warned, a playful glint in her eye. "You might regret it if you push your luck too far."

Anos stepped closer, feeling the chemistry between them intensify. "Regret? Not a chance. This is just the beginning."

"Just remember," she said, leaning in slightly, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper, "I can play just as well as you can."

Oh, I'm counting on it, Anos thought, excitement bubbling inside him. The night was filled with possibilities, and he was ready to explore every single one.

"Okay, but I have three conditions," Sofia said, her voice steady and commanding as she looked him in the eye. "First, when we start, you can't talk to me. Just let your actions speak. Second, after you've satisfied your desire, you need to leave this room and go to sleep in the guest room. And last, you must never tell anyone about what happens tonight. You have to forget this ever happened between us and act like it never did. Got it?"

Anos's excitement barely contained, he nodded eagerly. "Okay, okay! Teacher Sofia, you are the best!" he exclaimed, his heart racing.

But that last thing? he thought, a smirk forming on his lips. I might never forget this in my life.

Sofia watched him closely, a mix of amusement and caution in her expression. "Just remember, Anos, you agreed to all of this. If you break any of the rules, there will be consequences."

"Understood!" he said, his enthusiasm evident. "I promise I'll follow your rules."

"Good," she replied, her voice lowering to a sultry whisper. "Now, let's get started."

Anos's breath hitched as he stand beside the edge of the bed, anticipation thrumming through him. Excitement and a hint of nervousness coursed through his veins as Sofia turned her back, climbing onto the bed. She positioned herself on all fours, her sultry pose igniting a fire in him. The sheets crumpled beneath her, emphasizing the curve of her hips and the enticing arch of her back.

In that moment, Anos's eyes were drawn to her figure, the sheer pantyhose clinging to her voluptuous curves, accentuating every tempting inch. His gaze roamed hungrily over her body, lingering on the view of her secret garden, partly obscured by thick curls. The heavenly scent wafting from her pussy enveloped him, intoxicating and sweet, driving him wild and igniting a desperate longing deep within him.

He could barely control himself as desire flooded his senses. The image before him was breathtaking, raw, and primal, urging him closer to claim what he craved.

"Remember, no talking," she reminded him, glancing back over her shoulder. Her eyes glinted with mischief, and the playful tone in her voice sent shivers down his spine, heightening his anticipation.

"Only you can touch or hold my hips," she added, her words dripping with promise. "Don't touch any other part of my body."

"Also, take that gel and coat your cock completely with it" Sofia again added, her voice sultry as she Shows him the bottle.

With that, Sofia lowered her face into the center of the pillow, gripping it tightly as if bracing herself for what was to come. The way she presented herself, fully surrendering to the moment, ignited a fierce need within Anos. Every muscle in his body tensed with desire as he prepared to explore the boundaries she had set, eager to feel the warmth of her curves beneath his hands.

As Anos moved closer to Sofia, he noticed the bottle of gel resting at the side of the bed, its presence a reminder of their shared intentions. He took a deep breath, his heart racing, as he leaned in slowly, savoring the moment. With every inch that brought him nearer, he could feel the heat radiating from her body, a magnetic pull that drew him in.

Inhaling her intoxicating scent, he marveled at how it enveloped him, sending shivers down his spine. He reached out, placing both hands on her ass, gripping her tightly as he felt her softness beneath his fingers. The electrifying connection between them intensified, and Sofia gasped softly, her body responding to his touch in ways that stirred something primal within him.

"God, you smell so fucking good," Anos murmured, his voice thick with lust. He buried his face against her, inhaling her sweet scent, his breath quickening as he caught a whiff of her warm pussy. The desire to taste her overwhelmed him, and he could feel every inch of her body responding to his lustful intent.

The only response from Sofia was a tighter grip on her pillow, a silent encouragement for Anos to proceed. He could feel her anticipation radiating through the air, heightening his desire.

Sofia's mature, hairy pussy had a unique scent that Anos couldn't get enough of. It was musky and earthy, reminiscent of a forest after rain, with a hint of sweetness that made his mouth water. The smell was intoxicating, filling his senses and igniting a primal desire within him. As he ripped her pantyhose apart, the scent intensified, wrapping around him like a thick, velvety cloud. He could feel the heat radiating from her, the humidity of her arousal mingling with the scent, making it even more potent.

Anos's eyes were locked onto Sofia's ass, his gaze burning with desire. He could see the curve of her hips, the roundness of her buttocks, and the dark, tangled hair that covered her pussy. The sight of her was enough to make his cock ache, but the scent... it was overwhelming. He could feel his heart pounding in his chest, his breath coming in ragged gasps as he inhaled her essence.

Sofia's breath caught in her throat, her heart racing with anticipation. She could feel Anos's warm breath on her skin, could feel his gaze like a physical touch. She was aware of every movement he made, every sound he made, and it was driving her wild. She could feel her pussy getting wetter, her clit throbbing with need. She wanted him, wanted his tongue, his fingers, his cock.

Anos gently rubbed his face against her soft curls, savoring the sensation. The texture of her hair was soft and coarse at the same time, tickling his skin. His breath hitched with excitement; his lips twitched with pleasure. He could feel the heat of her pussy against his face, could smell her even more strongly now. He buried his face deeper, inhaling her sweet aroma.

His nose traced the length of her slit, and his lips grazed her clit. Sofia's body trembled, her hips tilting upward to meet his touch. She could feel his breath on her sensitive flesh, could feel the gentle touch of his lips. It was driving her crazy, making her ache for more.

Anos's tongue darted out, licking her tenderly. Sofia's moans grew louder; her fingers clenched the pillow tighter. She could feel the wetness of his tongue, could feel the way it teased her clit, sending shivers down her spine. She could feel her pussy getting wetter, her juices coating his tongue.

He took his time, allowing his lips to linger against her skin, breathing in deeply. Each gentle stroke ignited a fire within him, sending shivers down his spine. He could taste her, could feel her essence on his tongue. It was addictive, intoxicating. He wanted more.

Then, Anos tightened his grip on Sofia's ass, spreading her cheeks. He started madly licking and sucking both holes – her pussy and rosebud – simultaneously. Sofia could feel his tongue sliding into her pussy, could feel the pressure as he sucked on her clit. She could feel his tongue teasing her rosebud, could feel the strange, pleasurable sensation it sent through her.

Sofia tightened her grip on the pillow, pressing her face deep into it to stifle her moans. Her body arched, her hips tilting upward, inviting Anos deeper. She could feel her muscles tensing, could feel the pleasure building within her. It was overwhelming, consuming her.

Her face flushed, and her eyes squeezed shut, lost in ecstasy. Anos's passion consumed her, leaving her breathless. She could feel her orgasm building, could feel the pressure in her pussy. It was too much, too intense. She screamed into the pillow as her orgasm hit, her body convulsing with pleasure.

Anos didn't stop. He continued to lick and suck, to taste and tease. Sofia's orgasm seemed to go on forever, her body shaking with the force of it. When she finally came down, she was limp, exhausted. But she wasn't done yet. She wanted more. She wanted Anos's cock inside her.

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